

Sandhills  
A villanelle  
By Jacob Bradley

Drifting dunes, waves of sand  
Their voice never be heard  
On hills touched by God's own hand

Wind blows across the land  
Humming a silent word  
To drifting dunes, waves of sand

Might windmills make their stand  
Water clean and pure  
By hills touched by God's own hand

A place so simple, yet so grand  
Throughout beauty is scattered  
Across drifting dunes, waves of sand

Peace to find, all men if they can  
Are always reassured  
By hills touched by God's own hand

A heaven found by earthly man  
Not broken but only tattered  
Drifting dunes, waves of sand  
Hills touched by God's own hand